

The Cerrillos Rustler.

A. M. ANDERSON, Publisher.

CERRILLOS - - - NEW MEXICO.

I KNOW A MAIDEN.

I know a maiden—sure she
That veper hymns or breath of roses;
Sweeter than bells and blossoms be
Whose acute eyes the evening closes;
Fair as the light of summer's pleasant,
Recluse and wary as a pheasant.

Her smile is like a glimpse of May
That on the wings of sister lingers;
Her strains the wind's soft melody
Of wind harp swept with viewless fingers;
Her running cadence outcrauncher
The mellow-throated thrush's hammer.

Her laugh is just a triple shell
Of sweet reason, a fountain's murmur,
Or dryad's song in forest dell
Under the leafy dome of summer;
Or lily's melodious wimple
Of silver beads that break and drip.

Her lips, like banks of gentle curve
Where Attis swarms find sweetest plunder,
Have blushing favors in reserve.
With glimpse of whitest pebbles under;
Her slight of tongue and charm of grammar
Love fetters with a pretty stammer.

Her foot is small as small may be
In measure of proportioned limit;
Her step elastic, firm and free,
Light as the wing'd unchambered emmet;
Her thoughts, that take no earthly leave,
Soar upward to the clearest heaven.

Her locks are brown, and fall in curls
About her lovely shoulders parting;
Like minnows deep in forest pools,
In her clear eyes quick thoughts are darting
Through light and shade, or gathered under
Her long dark lashes, dream and ponder.

Her brows are black like swallows' wings,
Her temples white like doves in winter;
And when she lifts her eyes and flings
A glance at me, 'tis like a splinter
Of heavenly light; the missile enters
And sweetly in my bosom centers!
—William M. Turner, in Woman's Journal.

THREE YOUNG OLD-MAIDS

They Found Men Preferable to Science, Art and Literature.

"No, I shall never marry," said Enid.
"Nor I," said Grace.
"Nor I," said Sophy.
"I am wedded to art," continued the first speaker.
"And I to literature," said the second.
"And I to science," said the third.
They were all young, they were all rich, they were all pretty, so that the chances were against the above resolution being fulfilled, even in this nineteenth century, when brides are scarcer than they used to be, and the votaries of science and art and literature more numerous.
Sophy and Grace were sisters. Enid was their friend. Grace was the eldest, Enid the youngest of the three. The sisters were both tall, fine girls, with dark eyes and hair, and white complexions, smooth and spotless as marble. Grace was beautiful, Sophy handsome; Grace was the paler, her features more delicately cut, her eyes softer. Sophy was the more vivacious, her eyes brighter, her smile more animated, her laugh merrier.
Enid was not the least like her friends; she was small and very fair, with blue eyes and a quantity of pale golden hair, most of which was coiled into a crown on the top of her head, and the remainder curled about her forehead. She was dressed in the aesthetic style, and was one of the very few who can do so with impunity.
Max Leslie, brother to Sophy and Grace, was hopelessly in love with her, but he was a lawyer, while Enid was the bride of art, and what have law and art in common with each other?
"Men are so prosaic," said Enid.
"And so stupid," said Sophy.
"And so wicked," said Grace.
"We'll have none of them," cried the trio.
"Girls, I have a plan; listen," said Enid.
"We three will go away to a lonely isle—I don't mean a desert island—but to Nantucket, or the Shoals."
It was to Nantucket that they determined to go, agreeing to take a house for three months, and solemnly vowing that not a man should cross its threshold from the day they entered till the day they left.
Only a fortnight later and they were settled in a big old house overlooking the sea.
There had been obstacles to overcome in the form of protesting fathers and scandalized mothers, but the proposed exclusion of the stronger sex pacified the fathers, and the fact that Enid's old nurse, a veritable duenna, was to make one of the party, allayed all maternal fears, and in the end the young people got their own way, as young people mostly do nowadays.
The first month passed away without anything more exciting than a thunderstorm occurring. The three aspirants to celibacy led a very simple life. They breakfasted at nine, dined at one, had tea when they felt inclined, and supped at six. In the mornings the bride of art sketched from nature, or painted in her studio; the bride of science shut herself up in the library with a skeleton and studied medicine; while the bride of literature lay in a hammock and evolved the plot of a three-volume novel which was to take the world by storm.
On Sunday they drove to church, where they attracted so much attention that after the second Sunday people began to call upon them; they were prepared for this contingency, and Rachel, Enid's nurse, met all visitors with a very solemn face and the

same information, namely: "That the ladies were at home, but they did not intend to receive visitors during their stay on the island."
This reply did its intended work; in a little place like Nantucket it soon reached the ears of everybody who was anybody, and, as few people cared to be snubbed in this style, the besiegers retired and the besieged were left in peace.
No doubt they were delighted to have gained this victory, though their shouts of triumph seemed to grow weaker weekly.
"We won't receive men, so we can't receive women," was their first watchword; at the end of a fortnight this was changed to:
"We can't receive men, so we won't receive women;" at the end of the month it was—
"We would receive both, but they won't give us the chance;" but this was not spoken, it was not even whispered, yet deep down in the heart of each maiden it was the secret cry.
Outwardly, the bride of art was as true to her spouse as when they left Boston, the bride of science was apparently as devoted to study, while the bride of literature was more absorbed than ever in the imaginary world in which she lived.
"This seems rather a long three months," said Grace one day.
"It seems like three years to me," said Sophy, yawning.
"It seems three centuries to me," said Enid, sighing.
"Let us go and climb to the top of that rock we noticed the other day, and have tea on it this afternoon," said Grace, aloud. "I am sick to death of pen and ink," she added, inwardly.
"Anything for variety," said Enid, aloud. "I hate the sight of my paints and brushes," was her thought.
"It will be a new sensation; anything for that," said Sophy; she thought: "If I don't escape from that skeleton I shall become one."
So to the top of the rock they went; there they drank tea, and from thence they intended to return home as they came, namely, on their ten toes; but in descending from their lofty position Grace fell and hurt her foot so badly she could not stand.
"I have broken my leg, I think," said Grace.
"I wonder if there is a lady doctor on the island?" said Enid.
"If there is I won't have her; I am not going to run the risk of being lame for life; I don't believe in lady doctors," said Grace, decidedly.
"Nor do I, dear; you are quite right, and I only hope Sophy will agree with you," said Enid.
At first Sophy was not at all inclined to do this. She suggested scouring the island for a lady doctor, since a doctor Grace would have; but her sister's pale face and gentle moans soon decided her to send for a certain Dr. May, to whom they had an introduction in case of illness.
The letter of introduction was from their brother, and if Sophy could have read the contents it would certainly never have reached its destination. As it was sealed, in defiance of the rules of etiquette, she could not do so, and it had the effect of bringing Dr. May very quickly to the patient.
"It is a simple fracture of the tibia," said Sophy, as she ushered Dr. May to the patient's room.
If it was (and Dr. May did not contradict her diagnosis) his treatment was peculiar. He first of all spent about half an hour in bathing the swollen white foot in cold water, then he bandaged it, then he ordered the bandages changed whenever they got dry, and then, promising to come the first thing the next morning, he prepared to leave.
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"Oh, we have another six weeks to stay yet," said Sophy, despondently.
"Well, I will endeavor to cure your sister by then; but I fear she won't be able to walk for some weeks, though you need not tell her so," said Dr. May.
No sooner was Dr. May gone than Enid, who had not seen him, dashed into Grace's room, all curiosity.
"What is he like, girls?" she demanded, eagerly.
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"And very handsome," said Grace.
"That is worse. I wonder if he is married?" said Enid.
"That can't matter to us," said Grace.
"Not in the very least," said Sophy.
"Of course not, dears; only I wondered," said Enid.
Now, it is a strange thing, but life became much more interesting to these three young ladies after this accident; and yet it ought to have cast a gloom over them, for it must have been rather a bad case, since Grace required Dr. May's attendance twice a day for the first week, and three times on the day he set the tibia and put it into splints. But before he did this he asked for a second opinion. He was a physician—the case was surgical; he would not undertake to set the broken bone unless a surgeon were present. So a certain Mr. Ford, an army surgeon, was called in, not without some scruples; but Dr. May represented it was a necessity, and necessity absolved them from keeping their vow.
"Men are a necessary evil," said Enid.
"They are certainly useful," said Sophy.
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CORRECT MANNERS.

The Proper Way of Entering and Leaving a Room.

If there are other guests in the room, greet each one pleasantly upon entering. No matter if you cannot recognize them at any other time. Etiquette demands that you treat those guests politely whom you meet in a friend's house. Don't slide into the first chair you reach, but pass well into the room before seating yourself.

A gentleman holds his hat and cane while making a formal call. Try to appear interested in whatever subject is introduced and never suggest a subject which is not of general interest to those around you. And when it is time to bring your call to a close, don't begin to fidget about in your chair, dreading to make the first move.

It is very awkward to leave the room during a lull in the conversation. Wait until you yourself are talking, then rise to your feet. It is quite unnecessary to ask everyone in the room to come and see you and even the friend upon whom you are calling knows that you will hope for a call from her in the near future, without your announcing the fact.

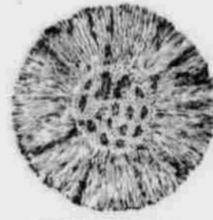
Now before leaving turn to each one in the room, make a slight bow and addressing each by name bid them "good afternoon." Do not keep your hostess standing for a great many last remarks, but, having gained your feet, move easily toward the door, and take your departure.

For those who are invariably awkward and shy on entering or leaving a room it is a good plan to practice the above rules at home before the members of one's own family. It will become a great help to them in acquiring natural ease and grace.—Farm and Home.

A DAISY COMFORTER.

Artistic Bed Covering Especially Appropriate for Baby's Crib.

The adjective above is used, not in the slang parlance of the day, but in the sense of an imitation of the bright blossoms associated in our minds with green grass and singing birds. This pretty, artistic bed covering is especially appropriate for a baby's crib. Take three yards of fine cream cheese-cloth—the quality that retails in the city stores for a shilling per yard—fill with a pound of the best cotton batting. The little comforter should be a yard and a half long by a yard wide. Tie in five rows—one through the center, with two rows on each side, making thirty-two ties in all. Mark with a pencil. Thread a tape needle with a pale pink "baby ribbon;" punch holes through the comforter with an embroidery stiletto, and tie in the tiny ribbons—the daisies can be sewed on with twist on the opposite side of the comforter. To make the daisies, buy six rolls of pale pink dress braid—the shade known as "sunrise pink" is very effective; cut in strips a little less than two inches in length—ten strips forming a daisy. Lay the pieces one upon the other, thus



DAISY COMFORTER.

making a round symmetrical form; when in position, tack together in the center to hold the strips of braid, after which imitate the seeds of the flower by working French knots of yellow Saxony in the center of each daisy. Fringe out the braid with a stout pin, after which trim with a pair of sharp scissors until of a round, perfect shape. When the tufting is done, and the daisies are sewed on, run the edges together and crochet a handsome edge of pale pink Saxony. Another, lately seen, was of cream cheese-cloth, tufted and crocheted with yellow Saxony, and covered with cream-colored daisies with yellow centers. Made a little larger, they are exceedingly pretty to throw over the foot of the bed in the guest chamber, but are too much trouble to make to use them simply as coverings.—Aunie Curd, in Good Housekeeping.

A Fair Shaker.

Sage-man—A remarkable girl is that Miss Snapper. You know her pretty well; has she any leaning in the direction of any particular creed?
Bluntly—I can't say definitely, but from the way in which she disposed of my marital aspirations last evening I should say that she was a Shaker.—Boston Courier.

Not in the Wood.

Summer Boarder—I think, considering the price I pay, and the poor accommodations you have, you might at least treat me with respect.

Mrs. Hayfork—Well, mum, to tell th' truth, I can't feel much respect for people what pays the big prices I charge for the sort of accommodations I give.—N. Y. Weekly.

In Partnership.

She—And do you really love me as much as you say, Harry?
He—Why, darling—

She—Well, then, don't borrow any more money from papa. He's charging it up against what he'll give me when we're married.—Judge.

ANIMAL INSTANCES.

Queer Doings of Birds, Clams, Reptiles and Other Creatures.

The screech owl hunts all night. This observation is confirmed by trappers. The barred owl hunts no later than twilight. I have no evidence that the horned owl hunts or hoots after ten o'clock at night.

All owls with tufts are nocturnal. Untufted owls are diurnal.

The great horned owl will carry poultry for long distances, six times its own weight.

Hawks migrate in enormous flocks at lofty and invisible altitudes. They only settle for food. All of the migratory hawks travel in flocks together. In flight their united cries can be heard far above the limit of vision. They come down in the spring and arise after assembling in the fall, in form of a whirlwind. Their method of migration is unparalleled among birds.

A restaurant in Chicago has some thirty canaries which seem to sleep but little. At night the electric lights are burning until one o'clock a. m. During the day, and at night by electric light up to this hour, the birds sing constantly.

The alligator originally was undoubtedly accustomed to a cold climate because in sub-tropical countries where the thermometer averages seventy degrees above zero during the winter season, it hibernates in the mud.

Clams travel on the bottom of water areas by suction through open shells leaving visible trails of their journeys in the form of creases in the sand.

Cattle on the plains have acquired a method of procuring water in dry weather. They enter a slough which has apparently dried and stamp holes with their hoofs into which water soon percolates. They then drink, some waiting until the water has become clear.

WILLIAM HOSKA BALLOU.

She Wanted to Be a Bird.

A certain young gentleman is courting a young lady. He called on her a few evenings ago. She seemed to be under the weather, and there was a peculiar drug store smell in the room.

"What ails you, my darling?" he cooed.

"I wish I was a bird," sighed the young lady.

"So you could fly into my arms?" queried John, suggestively.

"No; I want to be a bird, so I could not get the toothache any more," replied the lady, swinging on her jaw and growling audibly.—Texas Siftings.

A Pleasing Uncertainty.

Tourist (in Kansas)—Can you tell me where the residence of Col. Hooks, the real estate dealer, is?

Native—Wal, jest now it's four or five mile from here, but (pointing to a dark, funnel-shaped cloud in the west) that's a cyclone comin' over from that way, an' if you'll wait awhile the house may come right here to you an' save you the trouble of goin' down there to it.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Long Sentence.

"I say, Bill," said one summer philosopher to another, as they lay beneath a spreading tree, "did yer ever turn yer attention to literature any?"

"I should say so."

"What's the longest sentence you ever run across?"

"Ten years," was the unhesitating reply.—Washington Post.

An Insultation.

Hostetter McGinnis—I assure you, Miss Esmerelda, that the moonlight in South America is so bright that I have frequently gone out hunting at night and shot rabbits.

Esmerelda—Do the poultry and game markets keep open all night?—Texas Siftings.

Difference in Pies.

Hostess—Te he! I beg pardon, Downeast, but really the New England custom of having pie for breakfast seems very funny.

Mr. Downeast—Ah, madam, if you could taste New England pies you'd want them three times a day.—Good News.

AN UPWARD IMPETUS.



Elderly but Athletic Householder—You want a lift in the world, eh? Well, I'll do my best to oblige you.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Case in Point.

Clara—It's possible to dress very nicely without spending much, if one only has a little taste.

Laura—I suppose you speak from your own experience, for I know you don't spend very much, and I'm sure you only have a very little taste.—Munsey's Weekly.

The Age Qualification.

"How old ought a girl to be before she gets married?"

"Old enough to say 'Yes.'"—Judge.